

Nothing to wear.
"Nothing to wear, my darling, nothing at all," she sang to him and fills him with despair.
When he goes out to toll each day and earn their daily bread,
She hangs around his weary neck until these words are said.
And when he comes home late at night she sits out upon the porch,
And warbles out: "You know, dear Charles, I haven't a thing to wear."
The policeman I had last year, I tell you is a sight.
My old black grenadine is worse; it makes me look a fright;
My black silk is so shiny, and I feel so mortified;
And then, for summer, I must have something in white beside.
And so she sings her little song throughout the livelong day—
"nothing to wear, my darling, nothing to wear."
And Charles is at his office, and his face is blanched with fear.
Because he cannot pay for all the things she got last year.

TWICE MARRIED.

WHEN the idea of a removal to Virginia was first mooted in the family of General Percival Smith, ex-brigadier in the United States service, it was received with consternation and a perfect storm of disapproval. The young ladies, Norma and Blanche, rose as one woman—loud in denunciation, vehement in protest—fell upon the scheme, and verbally sought to annihilate it. The country! A farm! The South! The idea was untenable, monstrous. Before their outraged vision floated pictures whereof the foreground was hideous with cows and snakes, and beetles; the middle distance lurid with discomfort, corn-bread, and tri-weekly mails; the background lowering with solitude, ennui, and colored servants.

Poor Mrs. Smith wished it might be the end, or anywhere near the end; for the soul within her was vexed with strife and broken in pieces with words. The general could not; and did—escape the rhetorical consequences of his unpopular measure, but his wife could not; no club afforded her its welcome refuge, no "down town" offered her a sanctuary. She was obliged to stay at home and endure it all.

After the indulgent American custom, she earnestly desired to please all of her children. In her own thoughts she existed only for them, to minister to their happiness; even her husband was unconsciously to her, quite of secondary importance, his strongest present claim to consideration lying in his paternity. And this preference must be indulged, the more particularly that Warner—the elder of her two boys, her idol and her grief—was slowly, well-nigh imperceptibly, but none the less surely, drifting away from her. A boyish imprudence, a cold, over-exertion, the old story which is so familiar, so hopeless, so endless in its repetition and its pathos. When interests were diverse, the healthy, blooming daughters could hope to make little headway against the invalid son. They had all the sunny hours of many long years before them; he perhaps only the hurrying moments of one.

For Warner a change was imperative—so imperative that even the rebellious girls were fain to admit its necessity. His condition required a gentler, kinder atmosphere than that of New York. The poor diseased lungs craved the elixir of pure air; panted for the invigoration of breezes freshly oxygenized by field and forest, and labored exhaustedly in the languid devitalized breath of a city. General Smith was a man trained by military discipline to be instant in decision and prompt in action. As soon as the doctors informed him that his son's case required—not wanderings—but a steady residence in a climate bracing, as well as mild, where the comforts of home could supplement the healing of nature, he set himself at once to discover a place which would fill all the requirements. To the old soldier, New England born and Michigan bred, Virginia appeared a land of sun and flowers, a country "well-nigh tropical in the softness of its climate, and the fervor of its heat." The doctors recommended Florida or South Carolina, as in duty bound, and to the suggestion of Virginia, yielded only a dubious consent; it was very far north, they said, but still it might do. To the general, it seemed very far south, and he was certain it would do.

In those old campaigning days, the fancy had been born in him that some time in the future he would like to return and make his home here, where "amorous ocean wooed a gracious land"—that when his fighting days were over, and the retired life lengthened by his name, it would be a pleasant thing to have his final bivouac among the gallant foes who had won his admiration by their dauntless manner of giving and taking blows.

The idea that any portion of his family would be displeased by the realization of his fancy, or feel themselves aggrieved by his arrangements, never entered into the veteran's calculations; he returned from the South with his purchase made, and his mind filled with anticipations of the joy the unending of his precious honey would occasion in the domestic hive, and when he was met by the angry buzz of discontent instead of the gentle hum of applause, his surprise was great, and his indignation unbounded.

"What the devil are they grumbling about?" he demanded of his wife. "Shirley's a fine plantation. The water is good, the air superb; there are excellent gardens and first-rate oyster beds. The house is old-fashioned, but it's comfortable, and a little money will make it more so. What's the matter with them?"

"The girls are young, Percival," explained the mother, putting in a plea for the rebels. "They are used to society and admiration. They don't take interest in gardens and oyster-beds yet; they like variety and excitement. The country is very dull."

"Not at all dull," contradicted the general. "You talk as if I were requiring you all to settle on a ten-acre island, instead of going to one of the pleasantest and most populous counties in the oldest State in the Union. Mr. Byrd, the former owner of Shirley, told me that the neighborhood was very thickly settled and sociable. I counted five gentlemen's houses in sight myself. Southerners, as a rule, are great visitors, and if the girls are lonely it will be their own fault. They'll have as much boating and dancing and tomfoolery as is good for them."

"Are there any young men?" demanded

Mrs. Smith, who recognized the necessity of an infusion of the stronger element to impart to social joys body and flavor.

"Yes, I guess so," replied her husband, indifferently, masculinity from over-association having palled on him; "there's always men about everywhere, except back in the home villages in Maine—they're scarce enough there, the Lord knows! I saw a good many about in the little village near Shirley—Wintergreen, they call it. One young fellow attracted my attention particularly; he was sitting on a tobacco hog-head, down on the wharf, superintending some negroes load a wagon, and I couldn't get it out of my head that I'd seen his face before. He was tall, and fair, and had lost an arm. I must have met him during the war, I think, although I'll be hanged if I can place him."

Mrs. Smith looked interested. "Perhaps you formerly knew him," she remarked cheerfully; "it's a pity your memory is so bad. Why didn't you inquire his name of someone, that might have helped you to place him?"

"My memory is excellent," retorted the general, shortly; for a man must resent such an insinuation even from the wife of his bosom. "I've always been remarkable for an unusually strong and retentive memory, as you know very well—but it isn't super-human. At the lowest computation, I guess I've seen about a million men's faces in the course of my life, and it's ridiculous to expect me to have 'em all sorted out, and ticketed in my mind like a picture catalogue. My memory is very fine."

Mrs. Smith recanted pleasantly. Her husband's memory was good, for his age, she was willing to admit, but it was not flawless. About this young man, now, it seemed to her that if she could remember him at all, she could remember all about him. These hitches in recollection were provoking. It would have been nice for the girls to find a young man ready to their hands, bound to courtesy by previous acquaintance with their father.

But all this was trifling and unimportant in comparison with the main issue, Warner's health. To secure the shadow of hope for her boy, Mrs. Smith decided that any thing short of cannibalism in her future surroundings would be endurable.

The information gleaned from her husband was faithfully repeated by Mrs. Smith to her daughters, with some innocent exaggeration and unconscious embellishment. She always wanted to make things pleasant for the children.

Blanche looked up from her creased sun-flowers with reviving interest, but Norma walked over to the window, and stood drumming on the panes, and regarding the passers with a lowering brow.

"I wonder what Nesbit Thorne will think of it all?" she remarked, after an interval of silence, giving voice to the inwardness of her discontent.

"He'll hate it!" spoke Blanche, with conviction; "he'll abhor it, just as we do. I know he will." Blanche always followed her sister's lead, and when Norma was cross considered it her duty to be fearful. She was only disagreeable now because Norma was.

Percival, the youngest of the family, a spoiled and lively lad of 12, to whom the prospect of change was rapture, took up the last remark indignantly.

"Nesbit won't do anything of the kind," quoth he. "Nesbit's a spoiled, airied little of a girl. He's got sense enough to appreciate hunting and fishing and the things that are of importance to men. I guess he'll want to come to Shirley this autumn for his shooting, instead of going down to North Carolina." Norma stopped her tattoo and turned her head slightly; the boy, observing that he had scored a point, proceeded: "Just the minute he gets back from Montana, I'm going to tell him all about Shirley and beg him to come. And if he does, I'm going gunning with him every day, and make him teach me how to shoot—see if I don't," regarding his mother from under his tawny brows threateningly. Percival's nature was adventurous and unruly; he had red hair.

"Nesbit got back last night," announced Warner from his sofa beside the other window. "I saw him pass the house this morning. There he is now, coming up the street. If his opinion is a matter of such importance, you can call him over and get it. I don't see that it makes any difference what he thinks, myself." The latter part of the sentence was muttered in an unheeded undertone.

Norma tapped sharply on the glass, and beckoned to a gentleman on the opposite pavement, her brow clearing. He nodded gayly in response, and crossing, in obedience to her summons, entered the house familiarly without ringing the bell.

CHAPTER II.

All turned expectantly toward the door, pausing in their several occupations; even Warner's eyes were raised from his book, although his attention was involuntary and grudging. The attitude of the little circle attested the influence which the coming man wielded over every member of it; an influence which extended insensibly to every one with whom Nesbit Thorne's association was intimate. He was Mrs. Smith's nephew, and much in the habit, whenever he was in New York, of making her house his home—having now none of his own.

He was a slender, dark man, with magnificent dark eyes, which had a power of expression so enthralling as to disarm, or defy, criticism of the rest of his face. Not one man in fifty could tell whether Nesbit Thorne was handsome, or the reverse—and for women—ah, well! they knew best what they thought.

Some years previous to the opening of this story, Nesbit Thorne then a brilliant recent graduate of Harvard, a leader in society, and a man of whom great things were predicted, whose name was in many mouths as that of a man likely to achieve distinction in any path of life he should select, made a heavy, ill-adviced marriage with a Miss Ethel Ross, a New York belle of surpassing beauty and accompaniment. A woman whose sole thought was pleasure, whose highest conception of the good of life was a constantly varied menu of social excitement, and whose noblest reading of the word duty was compassed in having a well ordered house, sumptuous entertainments, and irreproachable toilets. A wife to satisfy any man who was unemotional, unexacting and prepared to give way to her in all things.

Nesbit Thorne, unfortunately, was none of these things, and so his married life had come to grief. The first few months were

smoothed and gilded by his passionate enjoyment of her mere physical perfection, his pleasure in the admiration she excited, and in the envy of other men. Life's river glided smoothly, gayly in the sunshine; then ugly snags began to appear, and reefs, fretting the surface of the water, and hinting of sterner difficulties below; then a long stretch of tossing, troubled water, growing more and more turbulent as it proceeded, boiling and bubbling into angry whirlpools and sullen eddies. The boat of broken happiness was hard among the sport of every wind of passion; contesting hands were on the tiller ropes. The craft yawed and jerked in its course, a spectacle for men to weep over, and devils to rejoice in; ran aground on quicksands, tore and tangled its cordage, rent the planking, and at the end of a cruise of as many months as it should have lasted years, it lay a hopeless wreck on the grim bar of separation.

The affair was managed gracefully, and with due deference to the amenities. There was gossip, of course—there always is gossip—and public opinion was many sided. Rumors circled around which played the whole gamut from infidelity to bankruptcy; these lived their brief span, and then gave place to other rumors, equally unfounded, and therefore equally enjoyable. The only fact authenticated was the fact of separation, and the most lasting conclusion arrived at in regard to the matter was that it had been managed very gracefully.

The divorce which seemed the natural outcome of this state of affairs, and to which every one looked, as a matter of course, was delayed in this instance. People wondered a little, and then remembered that the Thornes were a Roman Catholic family, and concluded that the young man had religious scruples. With Mrs. Thorne the matter was plain enough; she had no reason, as yet, sufficiently strong to make her desire absolute release, and far greater command over Thorne's income by retaining her position as his wife.

When his domestic affairs had reached a crisis, Thorne had quietly disappeared for a year, during which time people only knew that he was enjoying his recovered freedom in distant and little frequented places. There were rumors of him in Tartary, on the Niger, in Siberia. At the expiration of the year he returned to New York, and resumed his old place in society as though nothing untoward had occurred. He lived at his club, and no man or woman ever saw him set foot within the precincts of his own house. Occasionally he was seen to stop the nurse in the park, and caress and speak to his little son. His life was that of a single man. In the society they both frequented, he often encountered his wife, and always behaved to her with scrupulous politeness, even with marked courtesy. If he ever missed his home, or experienced regret for his matrimonial failure, he kept the feeling hidden, and presented to the world an unmoved front.

In default of nearer ties, he made himself at home in his aunt's house, frequenting it as familiarly as he had done in the days before his marriage. In his strong, almost passionate nature, there was one great weakness; the love and admiration of women was a necessity to him. He could no more help trying to make women love him, than the kingfisher can help thrusting down his beak when the bright speckled sides of his prey flash through the water.

As he entered the room, after an absence of weeks, with a smile and a pleasant word of greeting, the younger members of the circle fell upon him clamorously; full of themselves and their individual concerns. Even Warner, in whose mind lurked a jealousy of his cousin's influence, forgot it for the nonce, and was as eager to talk as the rest. Nesbit found himself listening to a demand for advice, an appeal for sympathy, and a pean of congratulation, before he had made his salutations, or gotten himself into a chair.

"Hold on!" he cried, putting up his hand in protest. "Don't all talk at once. I can't follow. What's the matter, Norma?"

His eye turned to his favorite, involuntarily, and an almost imperceptible brightness lit the horizon of his face. A lifting of the clouds on that young lady's horizon began to take place. She answered his look, and (assisted by the irrespressible Percival) unfolded to him the enthusiasm, threw himself into the scheme, pronounced it delightful, and proceeded to indulge in all manner of cheerful prognostications. Percival was enchanted, and, establishing himself close beside the arm of his cousin's chair, commenced a series of vehement whispers, which lasted as long as the visit. Norma's brow cleared, her intention of paying them a long visit during the hunting season, she allowed a smile to wreath her full crimson lips, and snubbed poor little Blanche unmercifully for still darning to be lachrymose.

CHAPTER III.

Backward and forward, from pantry to sideboard, from sideboard to china closet, fitted Pocahontas Mason setting the table for breakfast. Deftly she laid out the pretty mats on the shining mahogany, arranged the old-fashioned blue cups and saucers, and placed the plates and napkins. She sang at her work in a low, clear voice, more sweet than powerful, and all that her hands found to do was done rapidly and skillfully, with firm, accustomed touches, and an absence of jar and clatter. In the centre of the table stood a corpulent Weigwood pitcher, filled with geraniums and roses, to which the girl's fingers wandered lovingly from time to time, in the effort to coax each blossom into the position in which it would make the bravest show. On one corner, near the water, stood a housewife's little basket of keys, through the handle of which was thrust a fresh handkerchief newly shaken out.

When all the arrangements about the table had been completed, Pocahontas turned her attention to the room, giving it those manifold touches which, from a lady's fingers, can make even a plain apartment look gracious and homelike. Times had changed with the Masons, and many duties formerly delegated to servants now fell naturally to the daughter of the house. Perhaps the change was an improvement; Berkeley Mason, the young lady's brother, maintained that it was.

Having finished her work, Pocahontas crossed the room to one of the tall, old-fashioned windows, and pushed open the half-shut blinds, letting a flood of sunshine and morning freshness into the room. Under the windows stood an ottoman covered with drab cloth, on which the fingers of some dead and gone Mason had embroidered a dingy wreath of roses and pansies. Pocahontas knelt on it, resting her arms on the lofty window-sill, and gazed out over the lawn, and enjoyed the dewy buoyance of the air. The September sunshine touched with golden glory the bronze abundance of her hair, which, with dew and the breath of roses, tangled and tumbled into a myriad witcheries of curl and crinkle. The face, glorified by this bright aureole, was pure and handsome, patrician in every line and curve, from the noble forehead, with its delicate brown brows, to the well-cut chin, which spoke eloquently of breadth of character and strength of will. The eyes were gray, and in them lay the chief charm of the face, for their outlook was as honest and fearless as that of a child—true eyes they were, fit windows for a brave, true soul.

The branch of the Mason family still resident at the old homestead of Lanarth had dwindled to four living representatives—Mrs. Mason, who had not changed her name in espousing her cousin Temple Mason, of Lanarth, and her son Berkeley, and daughters Grace and Pocahontas. There had been another son, Temple, the younger, whose story formed one of those sad memories which are the grim after-taste of war. All three of the Masons had worn gray uniforms; the father had been killed in a charge at Malvern Hill, the elder son had lost his good right arm, and the younger had died in prison.

Of the two daughters, Grace had early fulfilled her destiny in true Virginian fashion, by marrying a distant connection, of her family, a Mr. Royall Garnett, who had been a playmate of her brothers, and whose plantation lay in an adjoining county. With praiseworthy conservatism, Mrs. Garnett was duplicating the uneventful placidity of her parents' early years, content to rule her household wisely, to love and minister to her husband, and to devote her energies to the rearing of her children according to time-honored precedent. Pocahontas, the youngest of the family, was still unmarried, nay, more—still unengaged.

They had called her "Pocahontas" in obedience to the unwritten law of southern families, which decrees that an ancestor's sin of distinction shall be visited on generations of descendants, in the perpetuation of a name no matter what its hideousness. It seems a peculiarity of distinguished persons to possess names singularly devoid of beauty; therefore, among the burdens entailed by pride upon posterity, this is a grievous one. Some families, with the forest taint in their blood, at an early date took refuge in the softer, prettier "Mattoaca"; but not so the Masons. It was their pride that they never shirked an obligation, or evaded a responsibility; they did not evade this one. Having accepted "Pocahontas" as the name by which their ancestress was best known, they never swerved from it; undaunted by its length and harshness and unmoved by the discovery of historians that Pocahontas is no name at all, but simply a pet sobriquet applied to all Indian girls alike, and whose significance is scarcely one of dignity. Historians might discover, disagree, wrangle and explain, but Pocahontas followed Pocahontas in the Mason family with the undeviating certainty of a fixed law.

Grace tramped on the protest: "Not name her Pocahontas? Why, of course I shall! If the name were twice as long and three times as ugly my baby should bear it. I wonder you should object when you know that every Pocahontas in the family has invariably turned out an exceptionally fine woman. All have been noble, truthful, honorable; quick to see the right and unswerving in pursuit of it. I shall call my baby by that name, and no other."

Pocahontas opened her eyes. "Why, Grace," she said, "you talk as if the name were a talisman; as if virtues were transmitted with it. Isn't that silly?" "Not at all," responded Grace promptly; "unless we cease to be ourselves after death, we must still take interest in the things of this world, in our families and descendants. We may not be able actually to transmit our virtues to them, but surely by guardian influence we can help them imitate ancestral good qualities. Guardian angels of our own blood are a great deal nearer than outside angels, and I believe the dear Lord appoints them whenever he can; and if so, why shouldn't the good women who are in heaven take interest in my baby who will bear their name? It is their name still, and it must hurt them to see it soiled; of course they must take interest. Were I an angel, the child on earth who bore my name should be my special charge."

Then, according to your showing, Grace, six good women, now holy angels, have baby and me in constant keeping for love of our ugly name. The idea is fanciful, and I don't consider it orthodox; but it's pretty, and I like it. Miss Pocahontas the ninth, you and I must talk with circumspection, not to grieve the good ladies up above who are kind enough to take such interest in us."

"Yes, my dear, I used often to think of it—long before Jim thought of it himself, I believe, Berkeley. He spoke to Princess this summer and she refused him. She did not tell me about it; but from little things I could guess pretty accurately. It's a great disappointment to me, for I scarcely remember when the hope that they might love each other first dawned on my mind. Mary Mason and I were warm friends, as well as cousins, and it seemed natural that our children should marry."

Berkeley knew that his mother had wished him to marry Belle or Sue, and that this was not the first time that she had been disappointed in her desire for another Byrd-Mason match. Had Temple lived, Nina Byrd would have been his wife; the two had been sweethearts from babyhood.

Mrs. Mason sighed regretfully. "I wish she could have loved him the way we wish. Marriage is a terrible risk for a girl like 'Princess.' She is too straightforward, too uncompromisingly intolerant of everyday littleness, to have a very peaceful life. She has grown up so different from other girls; so full of ideals and romance; she belongs, in thought and motives, to the last century rather than to this, if what I hear be true. She is large-hearted and has a great capacity for affection, but she is self-willed and she could be hard upon occasion. If she should fall into weak or wicked hands she would both endure and inflict untold suffering. And there is within her, too, endless

power of generosity and self-sacrifice. Poor child! with Jim I could have trusted her; but she couldn't love him, so there's nothing to be done."

"Why couldn't she?" demanded Berkeley, argumentatively. "She'll never do any better; Jim's a handsome fellow, as men go, brave, honorable and sweet-tempered. What more does she want? It looks to me like sheer perversity." "It isn't perversity, Berkeley," she said; "I hardly realize, myself, why the thing should have seemed so impossible. I suppose, having always regarded Jim as a kindly old playmate, and big, brotherly friend, the idea of associating sentiment with him appeared absurd. Had they ever been separated the affair might have had a different termination; but there has never been a break in their intercourse—Jim has always been here, always the same. That been here, always the same. That poor child! with Jim I could have trusted her; but she couldn't love him, so there's nothing to be done."

In the afternoon Pocahontas, providing herself with a book and a gayly colored fan, established herself comfortably in the old slipper-bottom rocking-chair in the deep shadow of the porch. She was thinking of Jim, and feeling pitiful and sad over her old friend who must break away from every home association, and far from kindred and family, among strange faces and unfamiliar surroundings, make for himself a new life. She was sorry for Jim—grieved for his pain in parting, for his disappointment in regard to herself, for her own inability to give him the love he longed for. She would have loved him had it been in her power; she honestly regretted that the calm, true, sisterly affection she felt for him could not be converted into something warmer. Her friends wished it; his friends wished it. It was the natural and proper thing to have happened, and yet with her it had not happened.

Pocahontas, rising, advanced out of the shadow to meet them—Jim Byrd, and a tall, broad-shouldered man with a great silky red beard, her brother-in-law, Mr. Royall Garnett. Pocahontas looked at Grace's idea, but it pleased her all the same, and unconsciously it influenced her more than she knew. She loved the legends of her house, delighted in the fact of descent from brave men and true women. The past held her more than the common with the young people of the present day, and she sought out and treasured all the records of the six women who had borne her name, from the swarthy Indian princess down to the gentle gray-haired lady who held the place of honor at the Lanarth breakfast table.

"Princess," said Mrs. Mason as she distributed the sugar and cream, "I wish you'd ring the bell. Rachel must have breakfast ready by this time, and I hear Berkeley's step outside."

Princess rang the bell quite meekly. Aunt Rachel was an old family servant, faithful, fat and important, and Aunt Rachel hated to be hurried. She said "I've pestered her, and made her spite the vittles." She answered promptly this time, however, entering with the great waiter of hot and tasty dishes before the bell had ceased its faint tinnitulation. Berkeley, a tall, fair man, whose right sleeve was fastened against his breast, entered also.

"I saw Jim Byrd this morning," he remarked as he seated himself, after the customary greeting to his mother and sister. "He called here on his way over to Roy Garnett's, where he was going to bid goodbye. I asked him in to breakfast, but he couldn't stop; said he had promised Grace to take breakfast with them. He has to make a farewell tour, or old friends' feelings will be hurt. It's rather awful, and hard on Jim, but he couldn't bear the thought of the neighbors feeling slighted. I suggested a barbecue and a stump speech and bow, but the idea didn't seem to appeal to him. Poor old fellow!"

"Couldn't he contrive to hold Shirley, Berkeley?" questioned Mrs. Mason, as she passed his cup. "He had retained possession so long, there must have been some way to hold it altogether."

"No; the thing was impossible," replied Berkeley; "the plantation was mortgaged to the hilt before Jim was born. The Byrds have been extravagant for generations, and a crash was inevitable. Old Mr. Byrd could barely meet the interest, even before the loss of Cousin Mary's money. During the last years of his life some of it was added to the principal, which made it harder work for Jim. But for Jim's management, and the fact that the creditors all stood like a row of blocks in which the fall of one would inevitably touch off the whole line, things would have gone to smash long ago. Each man was afraid to move in the matter, lest by so doing he should invite his own creditors to come down on him. Until lately they haven't bothered Jim much outside of wringing all the interest out of him they could get. While his sisters were single, he was obliged to keep a home together for them, you know. Nina's marriage last spring removed that responsibility, and I reckon it's a relief to Jim to relinquish the struggle."

"What a pity old Mr. Byrd persuaded Mary to sell out her bonds, and invest the money in tobacco during the war!" observed Mrs. Mason, regretfully. "It would have been something for the children if she had kept the bonds. It was bad that those great warehouses, full of tobacco, belonging to the Byrds and Masons were burned in Richmond at the evacuation. Charlie Mason persuaded Mr. Byrd into that speculation, and although Charlie is my own cousin and Mary's brother, I must admit that he did wrong. Your father always disapproved of the sale of those bonds."

"The speculation was a good one, and would have paid splendidly had events arranged themselves differently; even at the worst no one could foresee the burning of Richmond. Cousin Mary's money couldn't have freed Shirley, but if things had gone well with the venture that tobacco would have done so, and left a handsome surplus. Charlie Mason is a man of fine judgment, and that he failed that time was through no fault of his. It was the fortunes of war."

Mrs. Mason sighed and dropped the subject. She was unconvinced, and continued to feel regret that Mr. Byrd had been allowed to work his speculative will with his wife's little patrimony. It would have been a serviceable nest-egg for the children, and a help to Jim in his long struggle.

Pocahontas helped herself to hot waffles, and sugared them with a liberal hand. "Dear old Jim," she said, calmly, "I wish he had come in; you should have insisted, Berkeley. It's cruel for him to have

A farmer lived in I can't say just He had three sons They all were so He wished to see Well formed with But his ambition Each boy an ex-

His barn, just had He visited one And in it saw a Then made quick To tell his sons Oh high up in And that, with The owl they t

Obedient to him On to the barn And with unerrin Into the owl's Exultant, with In hand, to black One looking back The barn is a

Back to the barn To quench th' By firing of their Their efforts were The barn to ask

Sadly went the he The ruin they By firing of their Their father's

The father looked Upon his brow "I fear those boys For they ain't

An inquiry One boy in ang Cried out, "Don We set the barn

The barn burnt Well, that is p But that you m A matter much

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